meeting with any contradiction from his audience. This, however, I have been credibly informed, did once happen very unexpectedly to a Fifth-of-November orator.—He never failed annually to entertain his wondering auditors, with a most pathetic and horrible description of that great ——— of Babylon, the church of Rome. The Pope, who is at the head of this church, was the monstrous beast of Revelations, with seven heads and ten horns, having on his seven heads the names of blasphemy. These harangues, pronounced with much asseveration, with great expression of abhorrence in the countenance of the orator, and so frequently repeated, worked so powerfully upon the imagination of a certain elderly man in the parish, that he conceived an irresistible desire of seeing so wonderful a sight. Mustering, therefore, all the money he was master of, he one day set off upon the very hazardous expedition of venturing near enough this terrific beast, to look at him. He had the good fortune to reach his destination in safety, to satisfy his curiosity without being devoured, and to return again to his parish before the 5th of the next November, without having in his body so much as a mark of the scratch of a claw. On the day piously consecrated to the execration of Pope and bloody-minded Papists, our orator, as usual, mounts his rostrum, and is painting, in very high colours indeed, his scarlet ladies, and beasts with many heads, and many horns, written all over with words of blasphemy, which would make the hair of his auditors' heads stand an end if he dared to repeat them, such as they really are to be read up on the head of the Pope;—when our traveller has the impudence to give way to a certain impulse which he felt to rise in his mind, and uncivilly to interrupt so fine a flow of eloquence, by a loud and flat contradiction:—"Maister Parson," exclaimed he, "donna tell us such lies. I've bin mysel to see this Pope that we've heard so mich about; and I tell ye I seed him wi' my own eyne: and I tell ye he has no horns, not he; nor is he a bit more like a beast, or a scarlet ———, than yer sel. But I tell ye he is a vary respectable looking old mon; and a mon as behaves as weel i' th' church, do ye mind me, as e'er I seed Parson in my life."

We must, however, in justice to the clergy of our days, acknowledge that such contemptible stuff, such black and calumnious misrepresentation, does not so often disgrace the pulpit at present. Indeed one cannot, in justice to the intellects of former haranguers, suppose that they themselves believed all the absurdities which they made their hearers swallow. However, I cannot but esteem the compliment infinitely greater which is due to some, of not only seeing the falsehood and calumny of such gross accusations, but of moreover having an insuperable abhorrence of uttering from their lips what their judgments cannot but condemn.

It is not, however, totally superfluous to contradict such absurd imputations; for although the clergy in general, and more enlightened orders of the laity, give no credit to them, it is not to be looked upon as altogether combating a phantom, when one undertakes to wipe away such foul aspersions, since many of them are still credited by numbers: especially in a popular publication, such as I presume yours is chiefly meant to be, a few words from time to time, for that purpose, may not at all be useless. More of those ridiculous prejudices, sown originally by those who were paid to say the ill they themselves did not believe, will be found in many places still to vegetate with more rank luxuriance, than is by many imagined. Nay, I fear there are some of enlightened minds, and otherwise not bad hearts, who nevertheless can persuade themselves that it is a good thing to keep those good old prejudices still alive. Accordingly this nation never fails annually to be entertained in its almanacks (publications of more extensive circulation than perhaps any other whatever) with a great deal of rant against Popery, with many pious wishes for its downfal, and very confident prophecies to that effect; which, though annually proved false by time, are again annually repeated, and again believed by many; though undoubtedly held in the contempt they deserve by all people of sense. I have been told of an eminent field-preacher, who, on it being hinted to him that his hearers only laughed at the discourses which he dealt out to them, made answer, Ninety-nine of a hundred will have sense enough to see that it is all nonsense; but one will admire it, and become a follower. In like manner, though ninety-nine out of a hundred read those ridiculous slanders only to laugh at them, or pass them over without so much as once bestowing a look at them; yet in that hundred there may be one who thence will conceive a rooted antipathy against that religion and all who profess it. A principle has found existence in the world (and a great disgrace it is to human nature that it ever did): blacken, blacken your adversaries, right or wrong; something will stick. Lay on calumny upon calumny, never mind how clumsily; your adversaries will not find it possible to shake off all from themselves.

But I perceive that I have been led on from one thing to another, till I have exceeded the just limits of almost any reasonable sort of a letter. I must, therefore, hasten to a conclusion, which I shall do, if you will first give me leave only to observe to you, that if we have reason to complain of having been misrepresented; and in consequence of such misrepresentations, of having had to bear a weighty share of the ill-will and aversion of our countrymen; we ought to console ourselves with the reflection, that we are the more assimilated to the primitive Christians; against whom the like, and in many cases the very same absurd calumnies and gross accusations were fabricated, and obtained credit. This may be seen in the various apologies which the primitive Christians offered to the public, in which they enumerate the most stupid imputations, imputations which were nevertheless really believed by many of the heathens among whom they lived. As a sample I will give you one from Minutius Felix, before I conclude, whose "Octavius" I chance to have among the very few books which unfortunate circumstances have left me. The adversary, speaking of the Christian participation of the holy Eucharist, says, "Regarding your method of initiating novices, the story is as detestible as it is well known. A child covered with flour is set before him who is going to be received into your religious fraternity. The postulant, deceived by the appearance of flour, is urged to plunge in a knife, till the child is, by repeated stabs, hiddenly, and, as it were, innocently murdered. Then, horrible to relate, they all greedily lick up the blood, and contend with each other in eagerness to tear asunder its limbs! By such a victim are they united. By such a common consciousness of guilt do they bind each other to secrecy. Such are their sacred rites, more abominable than the sacrileges of others."

After seeing such serious charges laid against our ancestors, who will not feel himself perfectly at ease under the comparatively innocent tales which are now-a-days whispered about concerning our religion and religious rites?

With the sincerest wishes of success to your undertaking,

I remain, Sir, yours, &c. S.

On the Spawning of Fish.—A fish in the egg or spawn, gains its oxygen from the air dissolved in water, and those fishes that spawn in spring and summer in still water, such as the pike, carp, perch, and bream, deposit their eggs upon subaquatic vegetables, the leaves of which, in performing their healthy functions, supply oxygen to the water. The fish that spawn in winter, such as the salmon and trout, seek spots where there is a constant supply of fresh water, as near the sources of streams as possible, and in the most rapid currents, where all stagnation is prevented, and where the water is saturated with air for which it has been exposed during its deposition from clouds. It is the instinct leading these fish to find a supply of air for their eggs, which carries them from seas or lakes into the mountain country; which induces them to move against the stream, and to endeavour to overleap weirs, mill-dams, and cataracts.

THE DEITY.

The heavens, O Lord! thy power proclaim,
And the earth echoes back thy name;
Ten thousand voices speak thy might,
And day to day, and night to night,
Utter thy praise—thou Lord above;
Thy praise—thy glory—and thy love.

All things I see, or hear, or feel,
Thy wisdom, goodness, power, reveal.
The silent crescent, hung on high,
So calmly sailing through the sky;
The lowliest flower that lights the dells;
The lightest wave the stream that swells

The breeze that o'er the garden plays;
The farthest planet's glimmering rays;
The dew upon the distant hill;
The vapours that the valley fill;
The groves' untutor'd harmony
All speak, and loudly speak of thee.

Thy name, thy glories, they rehearse,
Great Spirit of the universe!
Sense of all sense, and soul of soul,
Naught is too vast for thy control;
The meanest and the mightiest share,
Alike, thy kindness and thy care.

Beneath thy all-directing nod
Both worlds and worms are equal, God;
Thy hand the comet's orbit drew,
And lighted yonder glow-worm too;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst yon snow-drop's silver cup.

And nature, with its countless throng,
And sun and moon, and planet's song,
And every flow'r that light receives,
And every dew that tips its leaves,
And every murmur of the sea,
Tunes its sweet voice to worship thee.

And we, creation's princes, we
The children of the Deity,
The wise—the strong—whose thoughts can soar
Heav'n's brightest, highest concave o'er;
And hold, above created things,
Communion with the King of kings—

Shall we not praise and worship thee,
Thou infinite Divinity?
Thank thee for what we know—and own
Thou hidest what is best unknown;
And kindly, wisely, hast conceal'd
The future, from our vision veil'd.

Shall we disturb the harmony
Which all creation tunes to thee;
Those sweet concordant notes, that sound
The arched hall of nature round;
That fill the earth, the sea, the air,
And reach thy throne accepted there?

No: rather our according voice
Shall in the general praise rejoice,
And join the ever-during hymn
With cherubim and seraphim—
With all to whom a tongue is given,
To worship thee, the Lord of heaven.

Bowring.

WONDERFUL POWER OF FUEL.

It is well known to modern engineers, that *there is virtue* in a bushel of coals, properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. This is actually the *average* effect of an engine working in Cornwall; the engine at Huel Towan. Let us pause a moment, and consider what this is equivalent to in matters of practice.—The ascent of Mont Blanc from the valley of Chamouni is considered, and with justice, as the most toilsome feat that a strong man can execute in two days. The combustion of two pounds of coal would place him on the summit.—The Menai Bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in modern ages, consists of a mass of iron, not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the sea. The consumption of seven bushels of coal would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs.—The great pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is 700 feet in the side of its base, and 500 feet in perpendicular height, and stands on eleven acres of ground. Its weight is, therefore, 12,760 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet; consequently it would be raised by the effort of about 630 chaldrons of coal, a quantity consumed in some foundries in a week.—The annual consumption of coal in London is 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble 2,200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire,) might have been raised by such an effort, from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles. It will be observed, that, in the above statement, the inherent power of fuel is, of necessity, greatly underrated. It is not pretended by engineers that the economy of fuel is yet pushed to its utmost limit, or that the whole effective power is obtained in any application of fire yet devised; so that were we to say 100 millions instead of 70, we should probably be nearer the truth.

Thoughts & Things worth noting.

Happiness of Children.—There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or an unpleasant background to all their after-life.

How many occasions of doing good, in a greater or less measure, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, "Shall I, or shall I not?" the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.

Prepare, although you may not put on winter clothing. Wear flannel as thin as possible on first adopting it. Hot beds are sad enemies to health; soft ones ditto; lying in either, *felo de se*. Horse-hair is healthiest, and wool the next in rotation, and feathers last.

Independence.—To be truly and really independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

To most men experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illuminates only the track it has passed.

"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, or of his faults behind his back;" a golden rule, the observance of which would at one blow banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

Benevolence is always a virtuous principle; its operations always secure to others their natural rights, and it liberally superadds more than they are accustomed to claim.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man has put asunder

THE INJUSTICE OF MURMURING AT THE DISPENSATIONS OF HEAVEN.

St. Antoninus, who has enforced and explained, in his *Sum of Moral Divinity*, every Christian virtue by pathetic motives and examples, and has inspirited a horror for vice, by painting its deformity in the most striking colours, teaches us by the following example, that we are to bless on all occasions the divine ordinations, and to believe, that what appears to us a great evil, is destined by Providence for our greater good.—There lived in a barren desert two Cenobites: the youngest, as is generally the case, being the caterer, was gone to the city to purchase the necessary provisions. Arrived there, he found that the inhabitants had all left the city, to attend the funeral of a rich man, who had deserved well of the public. This circumstance detained the young religious longer than usual.—Returning to his desert, he beheld with horror the dispersed and bloody members of a man strewed on the road: fixing his eyes more stedfastly on the mangled head, he discovered it to be that of his good master, whom a few hours before he had left in the desert alive and in perfect health. It is not easy to conceive what he must have felt at the discovery. His virtue was that of a novice, and not equal to the trial. He began with murmuring at the ways of divine Providence, criminating the distributive justice of God; that a rich man, who had enjoyed all the sweets and blessings of this world, should meet with so honourable an interment, whilst his dear master, who had served God for many years in the exercise of uninterrupted mortification, should meet with such an untimely end, and that his scattered and mangled members should remain unnoticed and unburied.—Whilst his mind was running on with this gloomy association of ideas, so unbecoming even a novice, it was revealed to him that Almighty God was pleased to permit this honourable attention to be paid to the remains of the rich man, in consideration of the moral good he had done during life, but that his soul had received her merited sentence; whilst he permitted a wild beast thus to put an end to the good hermit by a violent death, to atone for some venial faults he had committed, and that his soul was happy in Paradise.—Were we fully and practically convinced of the blessings of sufferings, so far from censuring the ways of Providence, or soliciting any mitigation of our trials, we should, on the contrary, feel more disposed to ask for an increase; and call out with the fervour of an Augustine—"Here cut, here burn, here spare me not, provided thou wilt spare me, O Lord, for eternity:" or, with the same saint, we should argue, that we must submit to carry our sufferings, like a bird its wings, on earth, if we expect them to carry us to heaven. *Serm.* 22. *De Verbis Apos.*—Nothing in this world can happen but what is brought about by an invisible though all-directing hand, guided by infinite wisdom, and actuated by infinite charity, since all is ordained for our greater good. The bare light of reason manifested this truth to the heathen philosopher Epictetus: "Under every event, however afflicting, I acquiesce, from conviction, that whatever God wishes, is more desirable than what I wish." L. 4. c. 7. Zeno maintained, that a virtuous man could be happy in the midst of torments and disgrace.—Seneca says, a virtuous man can never be miserable: *Quemcumque fortem videris, miserum neges.* And shall a Christian, a man brought up in the school of the cross, a man who has had the examples and precepts of Jesus Christ, of his Virgin Mother, and all their choicest favourites, cherishing sufferings as their portion, and as the only road to heaven, coward-like shrink from sufferings? The glorious mother of the Maccabees, after beholding six of her sons butchered before her eyes, and suffering as many martyrdoms in her loving heart, fearful lest the youngest might, through weakness of age, yield either to the dreadful menaces, or flattering promises, of the tyrant, pointed first to the heavens, and then to the still bleeding bodies of his martyred brethren, and said, "I beseech thee, my son, look up to the heavens, and consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind in the same manner. So thou shalt not fear this tormentor, but, being made a worthy partner with thy brethren, receive death, that in that mercy I may receive thee again with thy brethren." Whilst she was yet speaking, the youth exclaimed, "For whom do you stay? I will not obey the impious order of the king, but the commandments of the law given to us by Moses!" Then reproaching the sacrilegious Antiochus for his crimes, he added, "We suffer thus for our sins; and though the Lord our God be angry with us a little while for our chastisement and correction, yet he will be reconciled again to his servants. My brethren, having undergone a short and fleeting pain, are now under the covenant of eternal life; thou, by the judgment of God, shall receive just punishment for thy pride."—Inspirited by these hopes, the seven sons, and after them the mother, obtained the glorious palm of martyrdom.—Thus also did the valiant Judith inspirit her countrymen, when she saw them all in confusion and panic struck with the menaces of the fierce Holofernes, in lieu of seeking comfort in holy resignation to the adorable will of God. She told them to remember how their father Abraham was tempted, and, after he had been proved in many tribulations, was made the friend of God. So Isaac, so Jacob, so Moses, and all that have been acceptable to God, passed through many tribulations, remaining faithful. But they who did not receive their trials with the fear of the Lord, but uttered their murmuring and the reproach of their impatience against the Lord, were destroyed by the destroyer, and perished by serpents. But, esteeming these punishments to be less than our sins deserve, let us believe that these scourges of the Lord, with which, like servants, we are chastised, have happened for our amendment, and not for our destruction. The Theban legion, which consisted of 6,600 men, animated by their glorious leader, St. Maurice, saw every tenth man, as the lot fell, put to death, and expected with peaceful comportment their own extermination, as they were all to a man determined not to purchase life with the loss of their innocence. Not one was heard to murmur against the ways of divine Providence, not one was seen to offer the least resistance. They answered the emperor Maximian, "We have seen our companions slain without lamenting them, and we rejoice at their honour.—We have arms in our hands, but we do not resist, because we had rather die innocent, than live by sin." See the learned and elegant elucidation of this subject by Father *de Rivaz*, printed at Paris, in which two points, so painful to the enemies of the catholic name, are proved to a demonstration: the 1st, that our holy religion could inspire 6,600 men to meet death without the least resistance to their sovereign, though well armed, and in a condition to sell their lives very dear; the 2d, that the relics of these glorious martyrs have been honoured throughout the whole western church from the period of their martyrdom. Sept. 22, an. 302, to the present day. See pp. 104 and 253; and that Almighty God has been pleased to manifest his approbation by miracles, 33, 152, and 154, which our adversaries have never been able to invalidate.

Family Goods.—The poorest of all family goods are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlour or the boudoir, she is a dangerous partner in these times of pecuniary uncertainty.

ON SIMPLICITY OF DESIGNS,

Especially for Churches of the Early-English Style.

One very striking difference between ancient and modern compositions in this style is the characteristic ambition of the latter to attain *effect*, by the introduction of a great deal of showy detail in positions where it is neither required by use, nor sanctioned by the principles of true architectural propriety, so far as the general practice of antiquity be admitted as the test of correctness in these points. We do not mean that superabundant ornament, properly so called, is the common fault of modern churches, but that genuineness is too often sacrificed for show, and that shallow and poverty-stricken designs are tricked out as if for the mere purpose of deception, with inappropriate because unnecessary embellishment, while the really essential elements of strength, utility, and reality, which alone constitute true beauty, are either unaccountably overlooked, or knowingly neglected as matters of secondary importance. For instance, how frequently do we see a thin shell, though internally destitute of piers and arches (features absolutely essential in churches of a certain size), disguised and set off by a ridiculous display of pinnacles, turrets, ornamental parapets, and crocketed canopies, where not one of these would have been thought of by an ancient architect in building a church of the same size and with the same means. He would have disdained to give affected elegance to his bold and low massive walls, his stately roof, and his fearless irregularity of buttress, windows, and gable; much less would he have used cast-iron props for piers, that he might have more money to spend in making a fine street elevation.

The fact is, that a certain amount of external decoration, or rather *showiness*, is erroneously considered requisite for the correctness of a church, merely because it is necessary to insure a competition design being chosen. Now it is very important to observe how completely the ancients were influenced by the *contrary* principle. There is an honesty in their designs which is very striking if we contrast it with the spurious architectural pretension of many modern churches; and we speak more especially with reference to those generally erected three or four years ago, though specimens of this sort are unfortunately common enough at the present day. *They* never made their walls a foot thinner, or their buttresses a foot shallower, or their roofs lower and less substantial, than they ought to be, that they might expend a larger sum upon a fine doorway, or a superfluous arcade, or a richly decorated front. With them all was real, genuine, and natural. No one part was extravagantly adorned to the disparagement of the rest; if one feature was costly, all was in accordance, and not one half starved that the other might be pampered. In a word, nothing was attempted that could not be well and consistently carried out.

Again, as to the *kind* of ornament now generally used, much grave objection is to be raised. There is, so to speak, a certain quantity of generally recognised Early-English detail, culled from every possible source, the mighty cathedral, the costly abbey, the larger parochial churches, as well as from books, foreign and English, and the traditional kinds of ornament used, perhaps with no authority at all, by modern builders, all of which is thrown into a common stock, to be freely and indiscriminately applied to any building, without regard to its size, character, situation, or conditions of structure. A few points we will proceed to specify, in which, according to the extent of our own observation, modern designs are not consistent with ancient models.

1. We scarcely ever see a modern Early-English church, however small its size and otherwise humble its pretensions, without showy octagonal pinnacles, having heavy cappings and angular shafts around the stem. This feature would almost seem to be considered an absolutely necessary characteristic of a church of this style, and accordingly it is repeated over and over again till the eye is quite wearied of it. Yet who ever saw the like in a *real* Early-English church of the same size? These are essentially *cathedral* features, and even there are scarcely found, unless of actual use in balancing a vault.

2. Flying buttresses, and buttresses in general, are, we think, greatly misapplied. We scarcely ever see a modern Early-English buttress without pedimental head and set-off, though these are in fact comparatively rare in ordinary churches of the thirteenth century. A cathedral or a great monastic church will have, of course, much rich and costly adornment in every part; it will have, therefore, elaborate buttresses with lofty triangular heads rising above the parapet for the springing of the flying buttresses which span the aisles and support the clerestory: but where are these found in smaller churches? Here we seldom observe any but bold and plain supports, for use and not for show, and, therefore, placed exactly where and as they are wanted, and not at all unless they are really wanted, without the least affectation of ornament or regularity, in short without a particle of trickery about them. Examine, for instance, the plain specimens at Barnwell, Cherry-Hinton, or Histon, and imagine what the effect would be were they exchanged for the trim and chamfered, but meagre and regular, buttresses of the modern architect.

3. Gable ornaments. We really have seen very few modern designs without *every* gable being pierced with a foliated triangle, a circle, or some fantastic little window. Architects, until the last year or two, so seldom thought of a good high-pitched roof, that they now seem frightened at their own gables, and very often greatly injure their effect by inserting these unnecessary and not always even appropriate ornaments. We are satisfied that they are of comparatively rare occurrence in ancient parish churches, and that properly speaking they are adapted only for very large and rich edifices. An example, indeed, occurs in the Chancel at Trumpington; and in churches of this date circular gable lights sometimes may be found; we think, more frequently than in Early-English.

4. Of western doors and western triplets we need in this place say nothing, having endeavoured in a former number to prove them inadmissible in small churches. In general, we greatly object to the common practice of coupling or tripling lancets in every position, and not less so to making them of the very exaggerated size and disproportionate breadth we frequently find in them. The disposition and just dimensions of lancets in general is a subject requiring the greatest judgment and nicety, and is therefore deserving of the most earnest attention, since there is no detail so generally misused as this. We have constantly seen small modern churches lighted by lancets almost large enough for a cathedral, and admitting as much glare as perpendicular windows. We may instance the new churches of S. Michael at Stamford, and S. Andrew at Northampton. What a contrast do such buildings as these present to the sombre and subdued light which was eminently characteristic of all Early-English churches!

5. Apses. We have often had occasion to remark upon the impropriety of these in any but Normal parochial churches, and even here we by no means recommend their adoption, We believe that no instance of an Early-English Apse in a small church occurs in England. Certainly, if any can be found, they are but exceptions. Yet our modern architects *generally* terminate their churches eastward by a semi-octagonal or a semi-circular Apse, perhaps only ten or twelve feet deep. This is a cheap and in some respects showy substitute for a full Chancel; but it is *not* an English feature, nor is it by any means either a becoming or appropriate one, since it is in fact a mere Altar recess, and in nine cases out of ten is without an entrance arch. Moreover, as the right position of the Altar in an Apse is upon the chord of the arc and not against the east wall, the Altar is either so placed as to violate the original meaning and use of the Apse, or brought prominently forward almost into the Nave.

6. Parapets and gable-ends. The first are *not necessary* in small churches. The eave-roofs of most ancient examples, we think, fell simply and unaffectedly upon the bare walls; whereas an ornamental parapet, with a cornice of notch-heads, or dog-tooth, or corbels, is now usually considered indispensable. We recently inspected a design for the restoration of an Early-English church in Lincolnshire, where very insufficient funds were obtained even for absolutely necessary repairs; yet among the "essentials" a "moulded parapet to the Chancel," though it did not appear ever to have had one, was prominently set forth. There is no need to be ashamed of a great roof, or to attempt any disguise or superfluous decorative concealment. A parapet will often, by its over-neatness and appearance of affected finish, detract from the bold and picturesque simplicity of a small church. And the lower the roof, the more objectionable a parapet becomes. Modern gables too are generally awkwardly terminated at the eaves by heavy shoulders or prominent saddle-stones, or look somehow as if the architect did not know exactly what to do with them; whereas what he ought to have done with them was simply *to let them alone*. The ancients seem seldom to have cared much about them, but to have let them fall easily away with a notch-head, or a bead, or a chamfer; or at most with gablets, as at Stapleford; but always plainly, and therefore gracefully and appropriately. The complex gable arrangements we have seen in numerous modern designs are strikingly contrasted with these.

Nothing, in fine, is left to itself; nothing is plain, unpretend-

ing, simple, irregular, accidental. Every detail is overdone; we must have nothing but triplets, and arcades, and wheel-windows, and trefoiled ornaments; and we must always improve our towers and east and west elevations by pinnacles and flying buttresses. Thus much is affected, but nothing attained; parts are strained and exaggerated, but general effect is rather injured than improved. For what constitutes *effect* as applied to ecclesiastical architecture? Appropriateness, solidity, grandeur, honesty, chasteness, boldness; not unnecessary and meretricious ornament, but the position of a feature just where it is wanted and as it is wanted, without disguise, without hesitation. It is not the insertion of a north window merely because there is a south one exactly opposite; not the making one side exactly of the same size and shape as the other; not having buttresses, windows, and doors of precisely the same height and breadth and design in every part of the fabric. Such were certainly not the principles which guided our forefathers in the erection of their churches, and we must endeavour to enter fully into their principles of composition and distribution before we can hope to produce the same effect merely by the use of the same kind of details; a truth which has indeed often been urged, but still has not met with due attention.

It must, nevertheless, be observed, that there is a wide and important difference between *plainness* and *meagreness* in church architecture. The former is simply the absence of ornamental detail, the latter is a scanty and stinted development of the essential parts of construction. A building may be plain, and yet perfectly graceful and pleasing; but if it be also meagre, it necessarily becomes ugly; as all who have seen Christ church, S. Paul's, and S. Andrew's, in this town, will readily acknowledge. For in the one case we perceive at once that all, as far as it goes, is genuine and complete, and therefore pleasing and satisfactory to the eye. In the other, the affectation without the attainment of the primary characteristics of ancient models implies deception: we desiderate that reality which could alone insure successful imitation. Costliness and ornament should be regarded only as a step in advance of plainness and simplicity. The same elements of beauty are contained in both, but in one only is it developed. The absurdity, therefore, of ornamental meagreness *instead of* simple massiveness is evident, since decoration was never intended as a substitute for, but only as an addition to, solid and substantial construction. Yet upon this false principle modern churches are almost without exception erected.

We have ventured to offer the above remarks chiefly, as will be readily understood, in reference to designing small Early-English churches, from a conviction that architects are often content rather to copy one another and the depraved fashion of the day, than uniformly to make antiquity alone the test of correctness in their compositions. By neglecting to do this, they have imperceptibly contracted a formality and a mannerism which is very detrimental to the revival of the art, and which nothing but a close adherence to ancient models is likely to remedy. Modern Early-English, instead of being identical or at least closely allied with the style of the thirteenth century, is quite a distinct and isolated production, which in future ages will be regarded in the same light as we now regard the Debased Perpendicular, namely, an attempt to imitate its forms without a knowledge of its principles.—*The Ecclesiologist.*

A PARTY OF FANATICS.

A SHORT time ago five persons, of singularly puritanical and forbidding appearance, three men and two women, were brought up by the police from the village of Harefield, about four miles north-west of Uxbridge, before Sir W. S. Wiseman, Bart, and Mr. T. Dagnall, the sitting magistrates, on warrants under the following circumstances:—The prisoners, on being placed at the bar, were each asked their names by the magistrate's clerk, when they severally replied in a loud voice, "Zion Ward." The magistrates looked at each other at receiving such a reply, and, not comprehending its meaning, repeated the question to the prisoners, who again made the same reply; and, at last, finding all their efforts to get their names fruitless, the bench directed that their names should be entered on the minutes as "Zion Ward, No 1," "Zion Ward, No. 2," and so on to No. 5, which was done; the real names of the prisoners being believed to be Charles Squires, "Zion Ward," or "The Shiloh," (No. 1);—Squires, jun. (No. 2); Mrs. Squires, the wife of the first prisoner, and mother of the second (No 4);—Cooper, and—Cooper, his wife, and daughter of the elder Squires (Nos. 3 and 5). A farm in the village of Harefield, called Whiteheath, was recently in the occupation of a person of the name of Withers, who was a disciple of Zion Ward. Subsequently Mr. Withers fell into difficulties, and gave, or was obliged to give, up all his land with the exception of about ten acres, which he sublet with the house, garden, and a field, to Squires. In October last Withers was sent to prison for non-payment of the highway rates, and since then the overseers of Harefield have called on Squires for his share of the poor-rate, &c.; but, finding that "No taxes" was a part of his creed, they set to work in right earnest to compel him to pay. They accordingly applied to the local magistrates, when a distress warrant was granted, and placed in the hands of the parish constable to execute, who, in April last, attempted to do so; but he was attacked by two of the male and the two female prisoners, and, after being most roughly handled, the articles he had seized were taken from him. Warrants were subsequently granted by the magistrates for the assaults, which were placed in the hands of the police of the T division for the purpose of being executed.—On Monday afternoon, police-constable England, stationed at Harefield, went with the parish constable, Neeld, for the purpose of trying to apprehend some of the prisoners. When they got to Whiteheath Farm, they saw two of them, and, immediately stating their business, and reading the warrant to them, attempted to take them into custody. They both, however, instantly resisted the officers, particularly the one engaged with the policeman, who called out for help to his friends in the house, when the two woman rushed out and immediately commenced a most savage attack on the constable; one tearing the hair from his head by handfulls, while the other attempted to strangle him. At that moment the elder Squires also came out, and, taking the policeman's staff from him, struck him a violent blow on his head with it. The cries of the constables brought several respectable persons to their aid, when they came in for their shares of the blows, which were so liberally dealt about by the prisoners; but they ultimately succeeded in capturing the four persons described in the warrant, and also the elder Squires, and lodging them in the station at Harefield. The first case gone into was that against the last four prisoners, for the assault upon the parish constable, which having been fully proved the magistrates convicted them, and fined them each 50s. or one month's imprisonment. The second charge was against the whole of the prisoners, for assaulting the police and others on their apprehension. The evidence was to the effect, that a most brutal attack had been made on the officers in the execution of their duty. The prisoners made no defence, and the bench fined them £5 each, or two months' imprisonment. The next case was against the elder Squires, for assaulting Mr. George Horn, a gentleman who went to the officers' assistance, whose brains he threatened to dash out. He was fined 50s. or a month's imprisonment. The amount of the fines, £37. 10s. not being forthcoming, the prisoners were all committed to hard labour in the House of Correction for three months each, the committals being made out in the name of "Zion Ward."—*Times.*

If we would only give ourselves half an hour's serious reflection at the close of every day, we should preach to ourselves seven of the best sermons that could be uttered every week.

Silence is the best remedy for anger: if you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

He who will abandon a friend for one error, knows but little of the human character; and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

The Slanderer.—The reptile in human form should be avoided with care. You may rub out the slime of a snail, but not the slime of a slanderer.

SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 1.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is the seat of the arts and Catholicism of Germany. Nothing can be more bare and uninteresting than the country of its immediate vicinity, which on every side is a flat level of sandy barrenness. Towards the south east, however, the dull uniformity is agreeably terminated by the Tyrolese Alps, which on a clear day are distinctly visible, and present a magnificent prospect. But the city itself is of the greatest interest to the stranger, abounding as it does with monuments of ancient and modern art, which if, perhaps, surpassed by those of Rome and Paris for quantity and cost, are yet unequalled for judgment of arrangement and choice. At Munich alone you see the revived style of Fresco painting in perfection. It is the favourite style of decoration adopted. In another paper I propose a more particular description of its effect in one or other of the superb new Churches lately erected. In a literary point of view Munich is also greatly eminent. Its university is the second in rank, and the first as a Catholic one in Germany; while the royal library is the most extensive in the world after that of Paris. Munich may be considered as consisting of two parts: the old town within the walls, and the new town or suburbs, which stretch far and wide in a half-finished and progressive state, and comprise all those objects which have conferred on the town its great celebrity. But the old town is by no means without its interest: wearing as it does the picturesque air of the middle ages, and abounding with quaint churches constantly filled with pious groups in their varied costumes, whose cut you at once see has continued pure and independent of the changes of fashion from very remote times indeed. The old cathedral, a vast pile, with its thirty-seven altars and lofty dome-capped towers, swells high above the other projections of the city with an authoritative and nursing aspect. To the Catholic visitor these old churches afford the most varied fund of interest and meditation—to the Englishman in particular, coming from a land where the faith of his ancestors, once so shining, is only enabled, as it were, to breathe, and is deprived of that freedom of manifestation through innumerable observances which otherwise would give vent to its profound and hallowed sentiment, they are peculiarly appealing and grateful. Indeed Munich is as remarkable for its thorough Catholic spirit as for its achievements of art. The population are strikingly devout, and the male portion equally so with the female. All ranks crowd the churches promiscuously; and every day from five in the morning till noon, the stream of worshippers proceeding to and from the divine services is uninterrupted. In these Catholic countries few persons begin the business of the day without first asking a blessing on it, before some altar where mass is celebrated. The hours observed by the inhabitants of Munich are very early indeed. Ladies of the best appearance are to be seen at their devotions at six and seven o'clock in the morning. The peasantry who come to town with their vegetables and other wares, repair in the first place to the church, where they deposit their goods beside them on the pavement, and continue in devout recollection for a prolonged space. How different the habits and spirit of reformed England! On a future occasion I purpose dwelling more on the way in which the divine offices are conducted, and on many pious customs and fancies unfamiliar as yet to the bulk of the English Catholics in their own country; but the description of which I cannot but think must greatly edify as well as entertain. The outward confession of faith, as it were, in the streets, public places, on bridges, high roads, and the exterior of houses, is also very striking. There are few houses, more especially in the old town, which have not the image of our Lady, or of some saint or scripture character in a niche over the doorway, or, as is chiefly the case on modern buildings, painted in Fresco. The house of an influential gentleman of my acquaintance, for instance, which is of modern erection, is set off by a beautiful fresco painting on the stucco front towards the street, of the blessed Virgin with our Saviour in her arms. When you enter, the landing-place at the head of the stairs is surmounted by a large bronze crucifix, hung against the wall directly over the drawing-room door. The houses of the working classes are especially remarkable for their sacred and significant emblems of our holy faith. In England you would probably encounter, instead, images of Venus or the naked Graces; or what is perhaps more genial still, a jolly device of Daniel Lambert or the Durham Ox.

A very liberal system is pursued, as most who have opportunities of knowing are aware, in these countries, in admitting all classes alike freely to enjoy the inspection of the public and private collections of art and other humanizing institutions. On the poorer orders of the community this system produces the most beneficial effects. They have a degree of refinement and decorum in their air and behaviour much superior to persons of their own rank in England. Their numerous holidays, instead of being devoted to inebriating draughts of liquor, to fighting, and all sorts of violent dissipation, are mostly passed in the morning part at church, and in the afternoon at the several public exhibitions, always on such occasions liberally thrown open gratis. The evenings till ten o'clock, the general retiring hour, are passed in different public pleasure-gardens, or in the magnificent park, where bands of music excite the graceful dancing of the younger sort, and glasses of sugared water, cups of coffee, and potations of their peculiarly mild effervescing beer, not forgetting the invariable meerschaum pipe, regale the more elderly. Nor should the fact be passed over, that on such occasions are seen freely and sociably mingling in the scene the rich and higher ranks; and that it is perfectly usual to see a wealthy capitalist, a minister of state, or a general officer, with their whole families seated round a small table close to that occupied by the family of some artizan or peasant, and enjoying precisely the same cheer at the same cost as their humbler neighbours. The pernicious and lamentable exclusiveness among grades which prevails in England is unknown here. Nor does it follow, therefore, that any want of proper deference for rank is the consequence; on the contrary, each one knows and observes the proprieties of his position all the better, from the great respect and regard mutually subsisting between high and low, comparatively speaking, and of course resulting from the kindly terms they are on. In this particular we must surely at once perceive one of the many advantages of Religious Union among a people. Whereas it is impossible to calculate the evils which afflict the social charities of life from such a scene of sectarian strife and division as unhappily prevails at present in our once Catholic country. Munich abounds, like all truly Catholic cities, with admirable institutions for the various needs and mishaps of our mortal pilgrimage, founded and administered purely in a religious spirit. Some of these on a future occasion will afford interest for more particular notice. The population of the city is over one hundred thousand souls. Out of these about five thousand are of the Lutheran protestant persuasion, and have one very large and handsome church: the remainder are Catholics.

The condition of the people appears to be very comfortable; you never see any one with the English pauper aspect. Work of all kinds is plentiful and constant; the hour for cessation of labour is generally six o'clock, and very few shops are open after seven in the evening. The great business carried on at Munich is the brewing of beer, for which it is quite famous. This beer, which is very mild and agreeable, is the universal drink of all classes, high and low. It was an unprecedented advance of the price which took place during the celebration of the late marriage of the princess Hildeyard, a daughter of the king, to the archduke Albert of Austria, coupled with some other grievance of a trifling rise in provisions, which have been getting up gradually of late, that caused some rioting among the people, with a good deal of smashing of windows of obnoxious breweries; but the accounts which have appeared in the English and French papers are very great exaggerations in respect of the violence of these disturbances. The whole affair was very slight, and a matter much more of entertainment than alarm. The accounts given of lives lost are mere embellishment.—*L. W. June* 17, 1844.——*(To be Continued.)*

THE BLESSED NICHOLAS VONDER FLUE.

[To all and to every one be it known, that in the year 1487, there lived a man named Nicholas Vonder Flue, who was born in the parish of Sachslen. He left his father and brother, his wife and children, namely, five sons and five daughters, and went into the wilderness of Ranft, where God supported him without meat or drink, for a long time, even to the day on which this was written—eighteen years. He continued in the possession of all his faculties, and was of a most holy life, as we have seen and known, in truth. Let us, therefore, pray that when he shall depart from the prison of this life, he may be conducted thither, where God wipes away every tear from the eyes of his saints.—*Extract from the Parochial Register of Sachslen, written during the life-time of Brother Nicholas.*]

THE BURNING OF SARNEN, IN THE YEAR 1468.

At Sarnen, on the mountain,
The air is pure and clear,
And there springs many a fountain
Whose music greets the ear,
Together with the lark's shrill song,
And the shepherd's hymn at morning,
As he winds the mountain path along,
His head with flowers adorning.

At Sarnen, in the vale,
The flowers bloom bright and gay,
Throwing their magic hues
Upon the face of day.
And there upon the green-grass sward,
Beneath the lofty pine,
The shepherd's lonely cot appears,
And, ah! that it were mine.

Now hark, in yonder linden tree,
In notes of wonderous melody,
Strong and clear, a lovely bird
Pouring away its voice is heard.
When see, an arrow sped on wings
Of death comes by—no more it sings.
Pierced in the breast it falls—and there—
It leaves its song and life in air.

So in the house that rises near,
The laugh of pleasure thou may'st hear;
There sorrow ne'er is known to sigh,
Nor tears bedew a mourner's eye.
But, lo! fierce flames are seen to rise,
Casting their flashes to the skies.
Where now is joy? where pleasure's smile?
All ceased around the burning pile.

The raging flames are red,
The raging flames are white,
With fearful speed they spread,
And rise to fearful height.
They hiss in their anger, and burn
With fire's most furious glow,
Like serpents they circle and turn,
And Sarnen soon shall be laid low.

Amidst the waters pouring,
More furiously they shoot,
Redoubled is their roaring,
Like hounds in mad pursuit.
The women stand and gaze,
In anguish tear their hair:
The men look on the blaze
In fear and pale despair.

Then spoke an aged sire,
As the flame more rapid grew—
'May God protect us now,
And His servant Vonder Flue.
They hasten then away,
Their tale of woe to tell,
Through valley and o'er mountain,
To the hermit in his cell.

The holy man, in accents sweet,
Their anguish seeks to ease;
He leaves his cell, and 'neath his feet,
The burning torrent sees.
He sees the flames, by the wind fanned wild,
And his heart beats high at the sight;
He hears the shrieks of mother and child,
Pierce the shades of that awful night.

Then he raised his heart and hands on high,
To his God who reigned above,
"O Lord," he exclaimed, "with mercy's eye
Look down upon us in thy love.
A sinner I am, and yet I pray
That thy mighty arm these flames may stay.
Look down upon us in our despair,
And those, for whom thou didst suffer, spare.

"The earth doth praise thee, sovereign Lord,
And howling tempests calm at thy word.
The waves at thy nod are hushed and still,
And lightnings flash to obey thy will:
All creatures, Lord, adore thy name."
He prayed—was heard—that moment the flame
Fell down as rapidly first it rose,
And darkness covered this scene of woes.

Now many years are come and gone
Since the fire extinguished lay,
And the ashes long have since been borne
By the winds in sport away.
But another flame is burning still
In the hearts of those who knew,
That a helper to them in the hour of need
Was Nicholas Vonder Flue.

E'en now in Sarnenland the son
Is taught by his aged sire,
To bless the holy hermit, whose prayer
Arrested the raging fire.
And in all Switzerland the son
Is taught by his aged sire,
To bless the holy hermit, whose words
Arrested their burning ire.*

And when the silver-white lillies bloom,
At Sarnen in the wild,
They are culled and placed upon his tomb,
By father and by child.
Father and child come there to pray,
And there they come to sing,
They come, their tribute of grateful hearts
To God and his saint to bring.

*At the Diet of Stantz.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
CHARLES WATERTON, Esq.

Author of Essays on Natural History, and Wanderings in South America, by Himself.

I THINK I have seen in a book, but I forget which just now, that, when we read a work, we generally have a wish to see the author's portrait, or, at least, to know something of him.

Under this impression, I conceive that a short account of myself will not be wholly uninteresting to the reader; who, it is to be hoped, will acquit me of egotism, as I declare, in all truth, that I write these Memoirs with no other object in view, than that of amusing him.

I was born at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in the county of York, some five-and-fifty years ago; this tells me that I am no chicken; but, were I asked how I feel with regard to the approaches of old age, I should quote Dryden's translation of the description which the Roman poet has given us of Charon:—

"He seem'd in years, yet in his years were seen
A vernal vigour and autumnal green."

In fact, I feel as though I were not more than thirty years old. I am quite free from all rheumatic pains; and am so supple in the joints, that I can climb a tree with the utmost facility. I stand six feet high, all but half an inch. On looking at myself in the glass, I can see at once that my face is any thing but comely: continual exposure to the sun, and to the rains of the tropics, has furrowed it in places, and given it a tint, which neither Rowland's Kalydor, nor all the cosmetics on Belinda's toilette, would ever be able to remove. My hair, which I wear very short, was once of a shade betwixt brown and black: it has now the appearance as though it had passed the night exposed to a November hoar-frost. I cannot boast of any great strength of arm; but my legs, probably by much walking, and by frequently ascending trees, have acquired vast muscular power: so that, on taking a view of me from top to toe, you would say that the upper part of Tithonus has been placed upon the lower part of Ajax. Or, to speak zoologically, were I exhibited for show at a horse fair, some learned jockey would exclaim, he is half Rosinante, half Bucephalus.

The poet tells us, that the good qualities of man and of cattle descend to their offspring. If this holds good, I ought to be pretty well off, for, on the father's side, I come in a direct line from Sir Thomas Moore, through my grandmother; whilst by the mother's side I am akin to the Bedingfelds of Oxburgh, to the Charltons of Hazleside, and to the Swinburnes of Capheaton.

My family has been at Walton Hall for some centuries. It emigrated into Yorkshire, from Waterton in the island of Axeholme in Lincolnshire, where it had been for a very long time. Indeed, I dare say I could trace it up to Father Adam, if my progenitors had only been as careful in preserving family records, as the Arabs are in recording the pedigree of their horses; for I do most firmly believe that we are all descended from Adam and his wife Eve, notwithstanding what certain self-sufficient philosophers may have advanced to the contrary. Old Matt Prior had probably an opportunity of laying his hands on family papers of the same purport as those which I have not been able to find; for he positively informs us that Adam and Eve were his ancestors:—

"Gentlemen, here, by your leave,
Lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
A son of Adam and of Eve—
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"

Depend upon it, the man under Afric's burning zone, and he from the frozen regions of the north, have both come from the same stem. Their difference in colour and in feature may be traced to this; viz., that the first has had too much, and the second too little, sun.

In remote times, some of my ancestors were sufficiently notorious to have had their names handed down to posterity. They fought at Cressy, and at Agincourt, and at Marston Moor. Sir Robert Waterton was Governor of Pontefract Castle, and had charge of King Richard II. Sir Hugh Waterton was executor to his Sovereign's will, and guardian to his daughters. Another ancestor was sent into France by the king, with orders to contract a royal marriage. He was allowed thirteen shillings a-day for his trouble and travelling expenses. Another was Lord Chancellor of England, and preferred to lose his head rather than sacrifice his conscience. Another was master of the horse, and was deprived both of his commission and his estate, on the same account as the former. His descendants seemed determined to perpetuate their claim to the soil; for they sent a bailiff once in every seven years to dig up a sod on the territory. I was the first to discontinue this septennial act, seeing law and length of time against us.

Up to the reign of Henry VIII., things had gone on swimmingly for the Watertons; and it does not appear that any of them had ever been in disgrace. But, during the sway of that ferocious brute, there was a sad reverse of fortune. The cause of our disasters was briefly this:—the king fell scandalously in love with a buxom lass, and he wished to make her his lawful wife, notwithstanding that his most virtuous queen was still alive. Having applied to the head of the Church for a divorce, his request was not complied with; although Martin Luther the apostate friar and creed-reformer, had allowed the Margrave of Hesse to have two wives at one and the same time. Upon this refusal, our royal goat became exceedingly mischievous. Having caused himself to be made head of the church, he suppressed all the monasteries, and squandered their revenues amongst gamesters, harlots, mountebanks, and apostates. The poor, by his villanies, were reduced to great misery, and they took to evil ways in order to keep body and soul together. During this merciless reign, seventy-two thousand of them were hanged for thieving.

In good* Queen Mary's days there was a short tide of flood in our favour; and Thomas Waterton of Walton Hall was High Sheriff of York. This was the last public commission held by our family.

* Camden, the *Protestant* historian, says that Queen Mary was a princess never to be sufficiently commended of all men for pious and religious demeanour, her commiseration towards the poor, &c.

The succeeding reigns brought every species of reproach and indignity upon us. We were declared totally incapable of serving our country; we were held up to the scorn of a deluded multitude, as damnable idolaters; and we were unceremoniously ousted out of our tenements: our only crime being a conscientious adherence to the creed of our ancestors, professed by England for nine long centuries before the Reformation. So determined were the new religionists that we should grope our way to heaven along the crooked and gloomy path which they had laid out for us, that they made us pay twenty pounds a-month, by way of penalty, for refusing to hear a married parson read prayers in the church of Sandal Magna; which venerable edifice had been stripped of its altar, its crucifix, its chalice, its tabernacle, and all its holy ornaments, not for the love of God, but for the private use and benefit of those who had laid their sacrilegious hands upon them. My ancestors acted wisely. I myself (as I have already told the public, in a printed letter,) would rather run the risk of going to hell with St. Edward the Confessor, Venerable Bede, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, than make a dash at heaven in company with Harry VIII., Queen Bess, and Dutch William.

Oliver Cromwell broke down our drawbridge: some of his musket balls remaining in one of the old oaken gates, which are in good repair to this day. Not being able to get in, he carried off every thing in the shape of horses and cattle that his men could lay their hands on.

Dutch William enacted doubly severe penal laws against us: during the reign of that sordid foreigner, some little relaxation was at last made in favour of dissenters; but it was particularly specified, that nothing contained in the act should be construed "to give ease to any papist or popish recusant."

My grandfather had the honour of being sent prisoner to York, a short time before the battle of Culloden, on account of his well-known attachment to the hereditary rights of kings, in the person of poor Charley Stuart, who was declared a pretender! On my grandfather's release, he found that his horses had been sent to Wakefield, there to be kept at his own expense. But the magistrates very graciously allowed him to purchase a horse for his own riding, provided the price of it was under five pounds.

My own father paid double taxes for some years after he came to the estate.

When I was not quite eight years old, I had managed to climb upon the roof of an out-house, and had got to a starling's nest under one of the slates. Had my foot slipped, I should have been in as bad a plight as was poor Ophelia in the willow tree, when the "envious silver broke." The ancient housekeeper, mentioned in the account of the barn-owl, had cast her rambling eye upon me. Seeing the danger I was in, she went and fetched a piece of gingerbread, with which she lured me down, and then she seized me, as though I had been a malefactor.

At nine years old, I was sent to a school in the north of England, where literature had scarcely any effect upon me, although it was duly administered in large doses by a very scientific hand. But I made vast proficiency in the art of finding birds' nests. It was judged necessary by the master of the school to repress this inordinate relish for ornithological architecture, which, in his estimation, could be productive of no good. Accordingly, the birch rod was brought to bear upon me when occasion offered; but the warm application of it, in lieu of effacing my ruling passion, did but tend to render it more distinct and clear. Thus are bright colours in crockery-ware made permanent by the action of fire; thus is dough turned into crust by submitting it to the oven's heat.

My first adventure on the water made a lasting impression, on account of the catastrophe which attended it. There was a large horse-pond, separated by a hedge from the field which was allotted to the scholars for recreation-ground. An oblong tub, used for holding dough before it is baked, had just been placed by the side of the pond. I thought that I could like to have an excursion on the deep; so taking a couple of stakes out of the hedge, to serve as oars, I got into the tub and pushed off;—

——"Ripæ ulterioris amore."

I had got above half way over, when, behold, the master and the late Sir John Lawson of Brough Hall, suddenly rounded a corner, and hove in sight. Terrified at their appearance, I first lost a stake, and then my balance: this caused the tub to roll like a man-of-war in a calm. Down I went to the bottom, and rose again covered with mud and dirt. My good old master looked grave, and I read my destiny in his countenance; but Sir John said that it was a brave adventure, and he saved me from being brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and for having lost my vessel.

On my return home from this school, I was once within an ace of closing all accounts here below for ever. About one o'clock in the morning, Monsieur Raquedel, the family chaplain, thought that he heard an unusual noise in the apartment next to his bedroom. He arose, and on opening the door of the chamber whence the noise had proceeded, he saw me in the act of lifting up the sash; and he was just in time to save me from going out at a window three stories high. I was fast asleep: and, as soon as he caught hold of me, I gave a loud shriek. I thought I was on my way to a neighbouring wood, in which I knew of a crow's nest.

I was now shortly to be conducted to a place where at intervals I could attend to birds, without much risk of neglecting books.

The armies of the French republic having revolutionized some of the finest parts of Europe, and scourged the inhabitants; it was no longer safe for the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to remain in the town of Liège, where they had a celebrated college.

As the American war had caused a relaxation of the penal laws which had been put in execution against us with the most unrelenting severity, these good fathers ventured to revisit their native land, from which they had retired in early youth. The generous Mr. Weld of Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire, immediately afforded them a resting-place. He well knew their worth, and he gladly stepped forward to offer them his hand, in their utmost need. Having succeeded by inheritance to the stately mansion of Stonyhurst, near Clithero in Lancashire, to it he directed their wan-

dering steps, and bade them settle there. My father, who had been educated at the Jesuits' college in St. Omers, having learned that these inestimable disciples of St. Ignatius had put things in a proper train for the instruction of youth, took me to Stonyhurst, and placed me under their care.

Voltaire had said repeatedly that he could not subvert Christianity until he had destroyed the Jesuits. Their suppression was at last effected; partly by his own impious writings, and partly by the intrigues of kept mistresses at the different courts who joined their influence to the already enormous power in the hands of the infidel ministers of the day. The woes unutterable which these poor followers of Jesus Christ had to endure at the hands of the wretches who had caused the breaking up of their order, seemed to have made no alteration in their disposition; for, on my arrival at Stonyhurst, I found them mild and cheerful, and generous to all around them. During the whole of my stay with them (and I remained at their college till I was nearly twenty years old), I never heard one single expression come from their lips that was not suited to the ear of a gentleman and a Christian. Their watchfulness over the morals of their pupils was so intense, that I am ready to declare, were I on my death-bed, I never once had it in my power to open a book in which there was to be found a single paragraph of an immoral tendency.

My master was Father Clifford, a first cousin of the noble lord of that name. He had left the world, and all its alluring follies, that he might serve Almighty God more perfectly, and work his way with more security up to the regions of eternal bliss. After educating those entrusted to his charge with a care and affection truly paternal, he burst a blood-vessel, and retired to Palermo, for the benefit of a warmer climate. There he died the death of the just, in the habit of St. Ignatius.

One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left the college for good and all, he called me up to his room. "Charles," said he to me, in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, "I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. There is only one way for you to escape them. Promise me that, from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine or to spirituous liquors. The sacrifice is nothing," added he, "but, in the end, it will prove of incalculable advantage to you." I agreed to his enlightened proposal; and, from that hour to this, which is now about nine-and-thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine, or of ardent spirits.

At Stonyhurst, there are boundaries marked out to the students, which they are not allowed to pass; and there are prefects always pacing to and fro within the lines, to prevent any unlucky boy from straying on the other side of them. Notwithstanding the vigilance of these lynx-eyed guardians, I would now and then manage to escape, and would bolt into a very extensive labyrinth of yew and holly trees, close at hand. It was the chosen place for animated nature. Birds, in particular, used to frequent the spacious enclosure, both to obtain food and to enjoy security. Many a time have I hunted there the foumart and the squirrel. I once took a cut through it to a neighbouring wood, where I knew of a carrion crow's nest. The prefect missed me; and, judging that I had gone into the labyrinth, he gave chase without loss of time. After eluding him in cover for nearly half an hour, being hard pressed, I took away down a hedgerow. Here (as I learned afterwards), he got a distant sight of me; but it was not sufficiently distinct for him to know to a certainty that I was the fugitive. I luckily succeeded in reaching the out-buildings which abutted on the college, and lay at a considerable distance from the place where I had first started. I had just time to enter the postern gate of a pigsty, where most opportunely I found old Joe Bowren, the brewer, bringing straw into the sty. He was more attached to me than to any other boy, for I had known him when I was at school in the north, and had made him a present of a very fine terrier. "I've just saved myself, Joe," said I; "cover me up with litter." He had barely complied with my request, when in bounced the prefect, by the same gate through which I had entered. "Have you seen Charles Waterton?" said he, quite out of breath. My trusty guardian answered, in a tone of voice which would have deceived any body, "Sir, I have not spoken a word to Charles Waterton these three days, to the best of my knowledge." Upon this, the prefect, having lost all scent of me, gave up the pursuit, and went his way. When he had disappeared, I stole out of cover, as strongly perfumed as was old Falstaff when they turned him out of the buck-basket.

The good fathers were aware of my predominant propensity. Though it was innocent in itself, nevertheless it was productive of harm in its consequences; by causing me to break the college rules, and thus to give bad example to the community at large. Wherefore, with a magnanimity and excellent exercise of judgment, which are only the province of those who have acquired a consummate knowledge of human nature, and who know how to turn to advantage the extraordinary dispositions of those entrusted to their care, they sagaciously managed matters in such a way as to enable me to ride my hobby to a certain extent, and still, at the same time, to prevent me from giving bad example.

As the establishment was very large, and as it contained an abundance of prog; the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house, where there is any thing to be got, swarmed throughout the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend old Bowren, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line. By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, foumart-killer, and crossbow-charger, at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower, and foot-ball-maker, with entire satisfaction to the public.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

Dull Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmonized a world?

Why do not Arabe's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou when this pop'lous earth
From chaos burst its way?
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nursed in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began?

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy fingers stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin;
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone,
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast;
And with impatient hands untaught,
The milky rill arrest?

Or who, with unextinguish'd love,
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms.

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts
A God! the heavens reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man!—with beauty clad,
And health in every vein;
And reason throned upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wand'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales, ye meads and woods,
Bright sun, and glitt'ring stars,
Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,
From whence, and what I am?

What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own;
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast Unknown.

Darwin.

BLUE COLOUR OF THE SKY.

If I might hazard my opinion of the cause of this appearance, it would be the following:—As the atmosphere extends upwards, its density becomes gradually less and less, and of course its power of reflecting the sun's rays in like proportion diminishes, till at last, at the extreme verge, where it terminates, there is no reflection at all, or total darkness. The extreme strata then being most rarefied, have the least powers of reflecting the rays of light, and the light thus reflected is of a bluish tint, or consists principally of the blue rays. In this manner, a dark-brown mountain, whose surface has small reflective capabilities, when seen at a distance, has a deep blue appearance, exactly similar to the atmosphere. It cannot be the medium of the air, through which it is seen, that renders it of this colour; for if part of the mountain be covered with snow, which has strong reflective power, this snow is still seen of a pure white colour. It has been ascertained, too, that the atmosphere, when seen from the top of a very high mountain, has a deep blue-tint, approaching to black, and this tint becomes deeper the higher you ascend. It may be observed, also, that the centre of the atmosphere, looking perpendicularly upwards, always appears of a deep-blue colour, which gradually passes to a whiter appearance towards the extreme verge of the horizon, or in the lower strata next the earth. Here most dense air is accumulated, and here the reflection is most perfect, or nearly approaching to white light; whereas, perpendicularly over-head, the rays of light pass through less of this air, the reflection is fainter, and hence the deeper blue colour.

Varieties.

The Artesian Well near Paris.—The volume of water supplied by the Artesian Well of Grenelle was recently measured, and found to have lost nothing of its force or quantity. The source furnished 2,000,000 quarts of water per 24 hours, which is more than sufficient for the consumption of the quarter of the Pantheon, where immense reservoirs have been constructed to receive it. The water is as limpid as filtered Seine water, and has continued clear since tubes have been inserted in the aperture.

It has been calculated that, if 12 men were employed for 24 hours a-day, allowing neither for sleep nor meals, in reading at the rate of 80 words per minute, they would barely keep up with the *volumes* published in London alone; in this, tracts and sermons are included; but if magazines, reviews, and newspapers, were added to the task, it would require upwards of 40 men.

The Morning.—The sweetness of the morning is, perhaps, at least a charm. It is the renewed vigour it implants in all around that affects man, animals, birds, plants, vegetation, flowers. Refreshed and soothed with sleep, man opens his heart: he is alive to nature, and nature's God; and his mind is more intelligent, because more fresh. He seems to drink of the dew like the flowers, and feels the same reviving effect.

The Monks of St. Bernard and Mass.—We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains, as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain top! I *felt* its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ tones, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass: and I honoured in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honour them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of catholic virtue and the evidences of catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honour them when he does see them.—*Dr. Durbin's Observations in Europe.*